GOLD KEY

TWILIGHT ZONE

ROD SERLING

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10016-311
NOVEMBER

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

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A nightmare reveals a hidden treasure with a terrible price!

KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

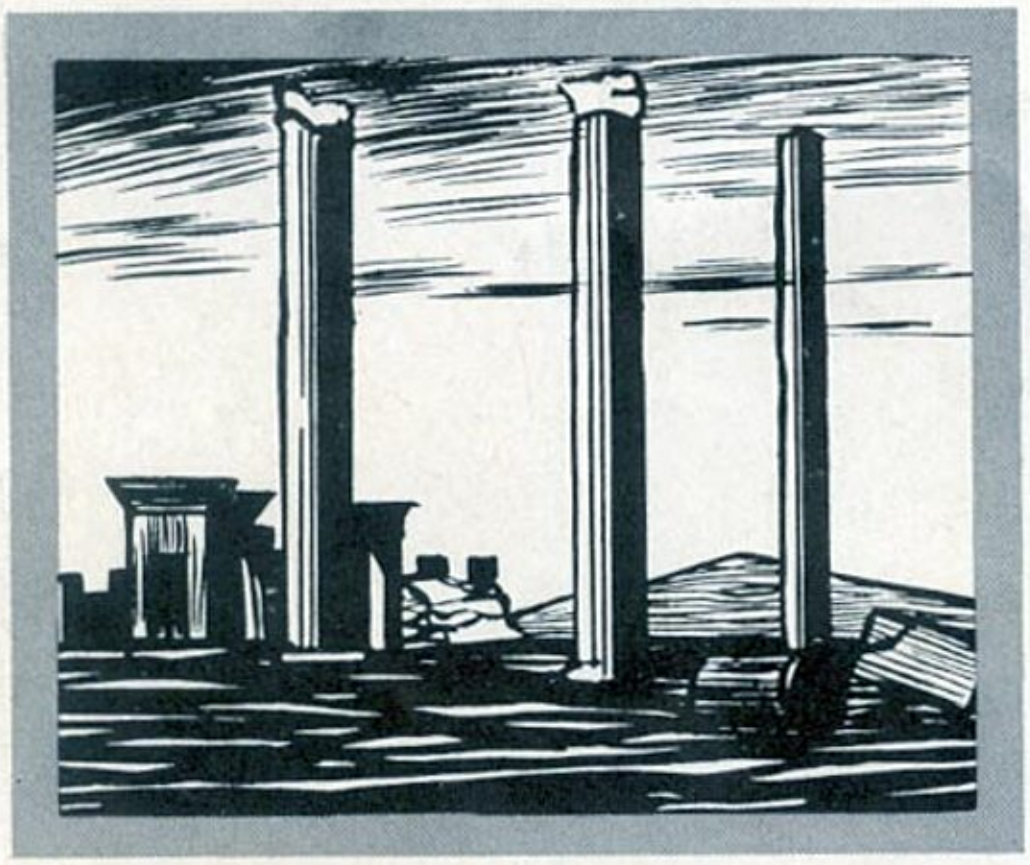
ARCHAEOLOGY

NUMBER 11

CUNIEFORM WRITING

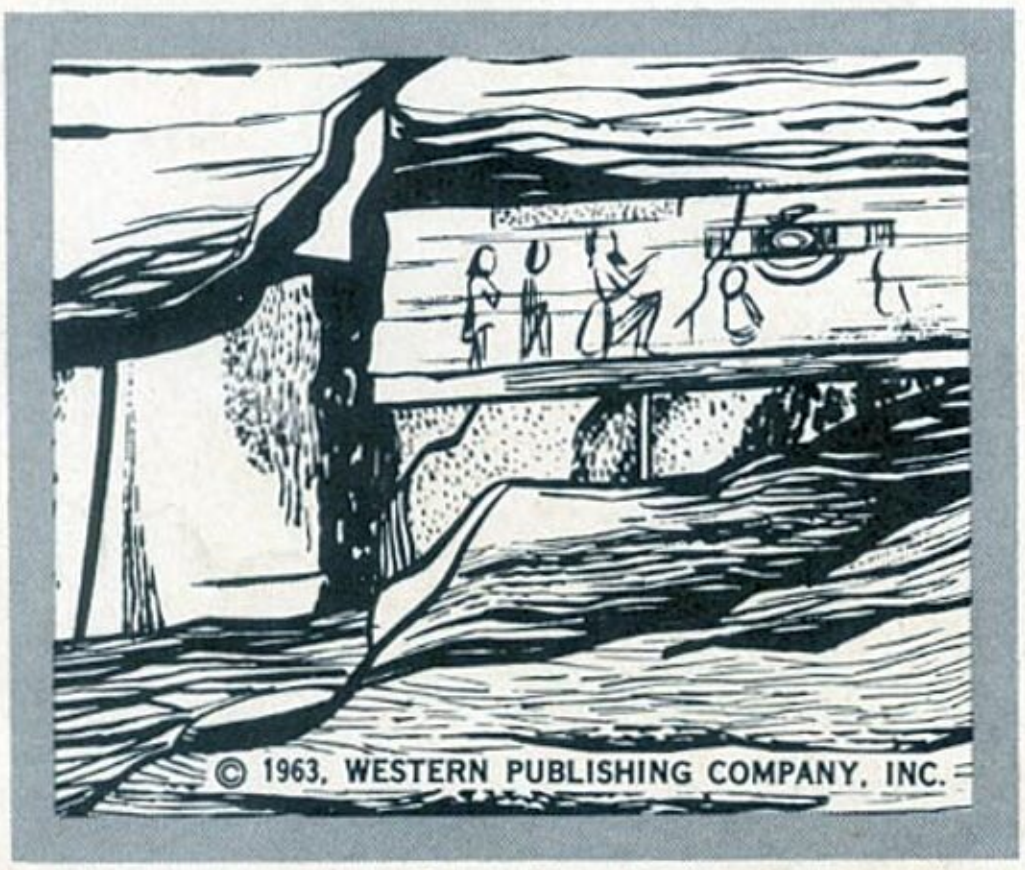
This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.

Before the palaces of Mesopotamia were uncovered, German teacher George Grotefend had found the key to cunieform writing.



Working with copies of inscriptions from Persepolis, home of Darius and Xerxes, he deciphered the names of 3 Persian rulers.

By 1837 Henry Rawlinson, an English major, transcribed some of the cunieform alphabet and was looking for more script.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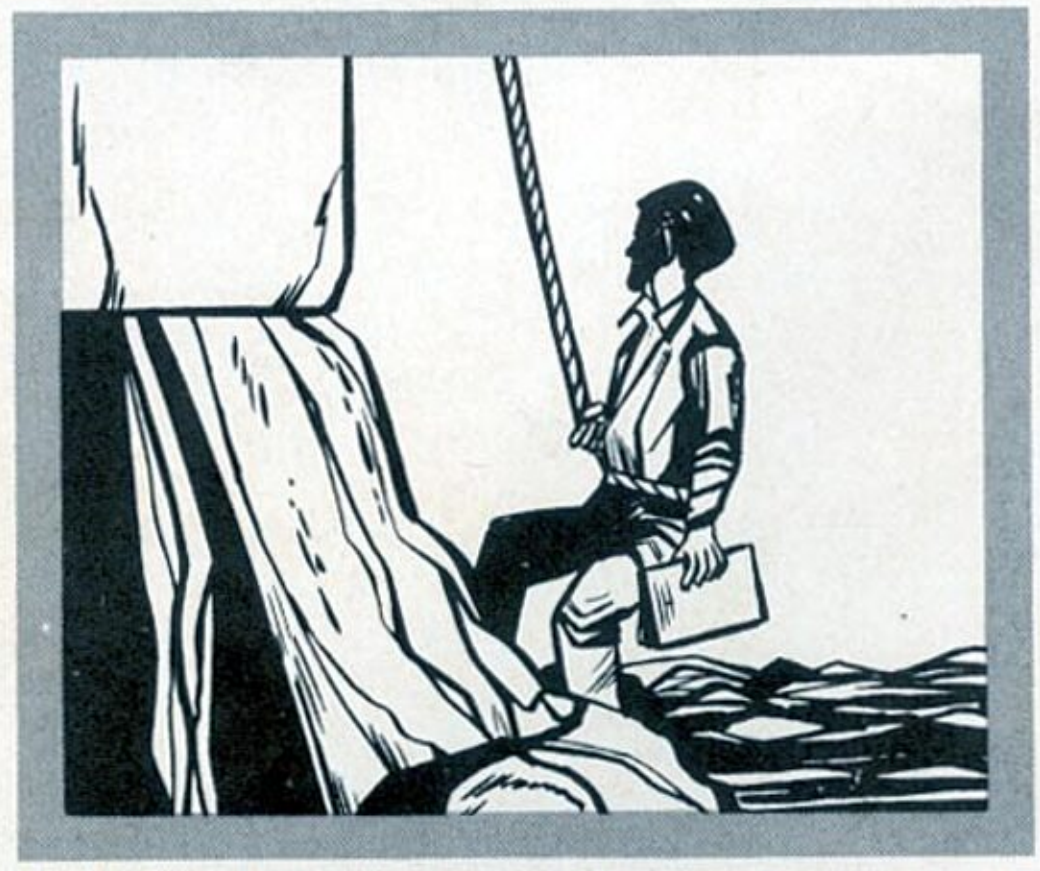
Near the town of Behiston was a mountain on whose side was carved a long message in three different languages. He copied it.



With the help of natives he was lowered by rope from the top of the mountain and made copies of the texts which were there.

TWILIGHT ZONE — The LEGACY of HANS BURKEL

BY THE END OF 1944, THE TIDE OF WAR HAD ALREADY TURNED FOR NAZI GERMANY! HER GREAT U-BOAT FLEET, WHICH HAD SPREAD DESTRUCTION VIRTUALLY UNCHALLENGED SINCE THE BEGINNING, WAS NOW BEGINNING TO TASTE DEFEAT! BUT MANY UNDERSEA RAIDERS REFUSED TO ACCEPT THE FACT! AMONG THEM WAS HORST BORMAN, RUTHLESS COMMANDER OF THE U-BOAT ***WOLF!***

COMMANDER BORMAN WAS PROUD OF HIS RECORD, AND WAS DETERMINED TO END THE WAR IN A BLAZE OF TERRIBLE GLORY!

BUT COMMANDER BORMAN! WAS IT ***NECESSARY*** TO SINK A HARMLESS FISHING TRAWLER?

DON'T BE SENTIMENTAL, LIEUTENANT! ***EVERY*** SUNK VESSEL IS A VICTORY FOR THE ***FATHERLAND!***

AS THE ***WOLF*** HEADS HOMEWARD FROM HER LATEST DEATH-DEALING MISSION, SHE LEAVES A TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION BEHIND...

BUT, COMMANDER, WE ARE PASSING THROUGH ***NEUTRAL*** WATERS! INTERNATIONAL LAW ***FORBIDS*** US TO DROP MINES HERE!

THERE IS ***NO*** SUCH THING AS NEUTRALITY! WITH LUCK, OUR MINES MIGHT SINK AN ENEMY VESSEL!

BACK IN PORT, HORST BORMAN RECEIVES HIS REWARD...

AND FOR SINKING TEN ENEMY SHIPS YOU HAVE BEEN AWARDED THE KNIGHT'S CROSS! ***HEIL!***

SIEG HEIL!

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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

AS THE CEREMONY ENDS...

HERR ADMIRAL! SEVERAL OF MY MEN ARE WOUNDED! I HAVE REQUESTED REPLACEMENTS!

MY DEAR COMMANDER! FRANKLY, THE WAR IS GOING *BADLY* FOR US! WE ARE SHORT OF MANPOWER! HOWEVER...

I HAVE MANAGED TO FIND ONE MAN FOR YOU... AN EXPERIENCED SEAMAN WHO'S BEEN ON *SEVERAL* MISSIONS!

WHAT A SPECIMEN! IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE SCRAPING THE BOTTOM OF THE BARREL!

AS THE NEW MAN BOARDS THE SUB...

HALT! HOW *DARE* YOU PASS A SUPERIOR OFFICER WITHOUT SALUTING!

ER--- EXCUSE ME, SIR!

SEAMAN HANS BURKEL REPORTING FOR DUTY!

THUD!

BURKEL, EH? WELL, GET BELOW, YOU *CLUMSY SWINE!* I'LL SETTLE WITH *YOU* LATER!

SO THEY'VE ASSIGNED BURKEL TO THE *WOLF,* EH? I WOULDN'T SAIL WITH *HIM* FOR A THOUSAND MARKS! HE ATTRACTS *TROUBLE* LIKE A MAGNET ATTRACTS IRON!

FROM THAT MOMENT, THE SAILOR'S WORDS ARE PROPHETIC, FOR THE *WOLF* KNOWS NOTHING BUT MISFORTUNE...

GAS! CHLORINE GAS! (*CHOKE!*)

A LEAKY VALVE...SEAWATER GOT AT THE BATTERIES! *ON DECK EVERYONE!*

LATER, AS THE CREW SCRAMBLES TOPSIDE...

IT WAS BURKEL HERE CAUSED THE ACCIDENT, COMMANDER! HE TURNED THE WRONG VALVE!

IMBECILE! IT WILL TAKE A *WEEK* TO REPAIR THE DAMAGE YOU'VE CAUSED!

THEN, DAYS LATER, AT SEA...

AN ENEMY FREIGHTER! UNGUARDED!

FORWARD TORPEDO TUBES READY, SIR!

U-492

FIRE ONE! FIRE TWO!

OUR LATEST ACOUSTICAL-TYPE TORPEDO! THEY'RE GUIDED BY THE SOUND OF AN ENEMY SHIP'S PROPELLERS!

BUT NEITHER OF THE TORPEDOES HITS ITS MARK...

THEY MISSED! BOTH TIN FISH MISSED THEIR TARGET!

AND SUDDENLY, A TORPEDO TURNS ABRUPTLY AND BEARS DOWN ON THE **WOLF!**

COMMANDER BORMAN! **LOOK!** ONE OF THE TORPEDOES IS MAKING A CIRCULAR RUN! IT'S HEADRIGHT BACK TOWARD **US!**

THERE'S ONLY **ONE** CHANCE TO STOP IT! **THE MACHINE GUN!**

U-492

THANKS TO BORMAN'S QUICK THINKING, A FREAK ACCIDENT THAT COULD HAVE ENDED THE **WOLF'S** CAREER IS AVOIDED!

STOPPED HER! **JUST IN TIME!**

BAROOM!

RAT-A-TAT-A-TAT

LATER, BORMAN INVESTIGATES...

BUT THOSE WERE THE **LATEST** TYPE TORPEDOES! THEY HAVE **NEVER** FAILED BEFORE! THERE **MUST** BE AN EXPLANATION FOR THIS!

I THINK **I** CAN EXPLAIN, SIR! **SEAMAN BURKEL** WAS ON THE FORWARD TORPEDO TUBE CREW!

ACCORDING TO RUMORS, THIS MAN IS **ACCIDENT-PRONE!** TROUBLE ALWAYS SEEMS TO HAPPEN WHEN HE IS NEAR!

IT IS **TRUE,** HERR COMMANDER! I AM A JONAH! I HAVE BROUGHT **MISFORTUNE** TO EVERY SHIP I HAVE SAILED ON!

IT'S ALL SUPERSTITIOUS **NONSENSE** OF COURSE! HOWEVER, TO KEEP HIM OUT OF TROUBLE, I'LL ASSIGN HIM TO HELP THE COOK IN THE GALLEY!

THEN THE COMMANDER FORGIVES ME? OH, HOW CAN I **THANK** YOU?

EAGERLY HANS TRIES TO SHOW HIS GRATITUDE...

SIR, NO CAPTAIN HAS EVER TREATED ME AS KINDLY AS ***YOU!*** IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO ME... WELL, I'D LIKE TO LEAVE ***ALL*** MY POSSESSIONS TO YOU AND THE ***WOLF!***

BURKEL, YOU'RE A ***FOOL!*** SERVE THAT SOUP AND GET OUT OF MY SIGHT!

BUT INEVITABLY, MISFORTUNE STRIKES AGAIN...

THE SOUP! YES SIR! AT ONCE, SIR!

EYOWW! IDIOT! ARE YOU TRYING TO ***SCALD*** ME TO DEATH?

BUT WITH BURKEL OUT OF THE WAY, THE U-BOAT'S LUCK SEEMS TO CHANGE FOR THE BETTER...

AH! A FAT TANKER! AND WHAT A ***SPLENDID*** TARGET SHE MAKES AGAINST THE MOON!

THIS TIME THE TORPEDOES STRIKE HOME...

BAROOM!

AND, AS THE U-BOAT SURFACES...

ALL HANDS ON DECK!

THE COMMANDER... HE'S GOING TO TRY TO SAVE THE CREW OF THAT BURNING TANKER!

U-492

BUT BORMAN'S ORDERS ARE FOR *NO* PRISONERS TO BE TAKEN...

MEN, I WANT YOU *ALL* TO WITNESS THIS SPLENDID VICTORY! I'LL MAKE A FILM RECORD FOR THE WAR OFFICE!

LATER, AS THE CREW HEADS BELOW...

BURKEL, GET BELOW WITH THE OTHERS, *YOU FOOL!* WE'RE GOING TO SUBMERGE!

NO! NO! WE *CAN'T* ABANDON THOSE DROWNING SAILORS! YOU CAN'T BE THAT *CRUEL!*

QUICKLY THEIR COMMANDER HURRIES BELOW...

I'VE HAD *ENOUGH* OF THAT STUPID SWINE, BURKEL! TAKE HER DOWN! DIVE! *DIVE!*

Y-YES, SIR! A-AT *ONCE*, SIR!

AND HANS BURKEL MEETS HIS FATE!

COMMANDER BORMAN! YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME HERE TO DIE! *YOU CAN'T!*

BANG!

BANG!

IT--IT'S *BURKEL!* COMMANDER BORMAN, IN HEAVEN'S NAME CAN'T WE...

THUMP!

THUMP

THIS AREA WILL BE SWARMING WITH *DESTROYERS!* I MUST PROTECT MY SHIP! *FORGET* THAT FOOL BURKEL! WE'RE RID OF HIM *FOR GOOD!*

BUT THE NEXT MORNING AT DAWN ...

PROPELLER NOISES ON THE HYDROPHONE, SIR! BEARING GREEN, ZERO-SIX-FOUR!

TAKE HER UP TO PERISCOPE DEPTH! IT COULD BE A *CONVOY!*

BORMAN STARES THROUGH HIS PERISCOPE AND SEES A PHANTOM FIGURE...

IT--IT'S BURKEL! *HANS BURKEL!*

BURKEL! HE'S OUT THERE! OUT THERE I TELL YOU!

YOU'RE *WRONG,* COMMANDER! IT'S A *DESTROYER!* SHE'S HEADING THIS WAY! SHE MUST HAVE SPOTTED US ON SONAR!

DIVE! *DIVE!* IT'S OUR *ONLY CHANCE!*

THE *WOLF* ESCAPES, BUT IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, BURKEL'S APPARITION APPEARS AGAIN AND AGAIN ...

AND EACH GHOSTLY VISIT BRINGS A NEW DISASTER...

FOR COMMANDER BORMAN THERE IS ONLY *ONE* EXPLANATION...

I TELL YOU THIS IS ALL BURKEL'S DOING! HE SAID THAT IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO HIM HE WOULD LEAVE *ALL HIS POSSESSIONS TO THE WOLF!*

THE POOR FOOL! ALL HE EVER HAD WAS HIS TALENT FOR TROUBLE AND MISFORTUNE! AND NOW *WE'VE* INHERITED IT!

BUT THE GREATEST DISASTER IS YET TO COME...

ALL IS *LOST,* BORMAN! THE WAR IS *OVER!* HITLER HAS COMMITTED SUICIDE, BUT YOU HAVE ONE *LAST* DUTY TO THE FATHERLAND!

YES, HERR ADMIRAL! I WILL FOLLOW YOUR ORDERS TO THE END!

WITH GREAT SECRECY, BORMAN IS TAKEN TO A NEARBY BUNKER, WHERE A HIGH-LEVEL MEETING IS IN PROGRESS...

BORMAN, YOU RECOGNIZE THESE GENTLEMEN OF COURSE!

YES, SIR! THEY ARE THE *GREATEST* LEADERS OF THE FATHERLAND! THE FUHRER'S *CLOSEST* ADVISORS!

THE ENEMY WILL REGARD US AS WAR CRIMINALS! WE MUST *ESCAPE!* IT WILL BE YOUR DUTY TO TAKE US TO SOUTH AMERICA WHERE WE CAN HIDE!

I AM *READY,* YOUR EXCELLENCY!

THAT NIGHT, UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, THE FUGITIVES BOARD THE SUBMARINE...

YOU WILL START *AT ONCE*, COMMANDER BORMAN! THE FATHERLAND RELIES ON *YOU!*

I WILL DO MY DUTY, SIR!

QUICKLY, THE *WOLF* SETS SAIL! BUT SOON AFTER SHE CLEARS THE HARBOR...

HERR COMMANDER! WHAT IS THAT STRANGE SOUND?

ER-- IT MAY BE SOME LOOSE PIECE OF EQUIPMENT ON DECK! IT'S NOTHING TO *WORRY* ABOUT!

THUMP!

THUMP!

LONG MOMENTS PASS, AND THE SOUND GETS LOUDER...

IT'S ALMOST AS IF SOMEONE WERE POUNDING ON THE HULL, TRYING TO GET *IN!*

BUT THAT'S *IMPOSSIBLE*, SIR! WE ARE FORTY FATHOMS BELOW THE SURFACE!

THUMP!

THUMP!

THUMP!

COMMANDER, I DON'T LIKE THIS! I WANT YOU TO INVESTIGATE THAT NOISE *AT ONCE!* WE MAY BE IN DANGER!

I'LL TAKE HER UP TO THE SURFACE, SIR!

BORMAN SNAPS AN ORDER TO HIS CREW AND THE *WOLF* SLOWLY RISES...

I'LL HAVE A LOOK THROUGH THE PERISCOPE, ER--THERE MAY BE ENEMY DESTROYERS ABOUT!

BUT AS BORMAN PEERS THROUGH THE GLASS...

IT'S *BURKEL!* HE'S OUT THERE! I TELL YOU!

SOMETHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN! I KNOW IT! I *FEEL* IT! DIVE! *DIVE!*

IRONICALLY, THE *WOLF* HAS WANDERED INTO A MINE FIELD LAID BY BORMAN MONTHS AGO!

...AND THE UNDERSEA RAIDER CLAIMS A FINAL VICTIM!--*ITSELF!*

BAROOM!

THE WORLD IS *STILL* SEARCHING FOR THE MISSING WAR CRIMINALS! BUT THE HUNT WILL BE IN VAIN! THEY HAVE MET THEIR FATE... THE DOOM THAT WAS THE *LEGACY OF HANS BURKEL!*

TWILIGHT ZONE

POOR LITTLE SYLVESTER

MEET SYLVESTER RUNYON, A LITTLE ODD-BALL WITH AN EVEN STRANGER HOBBY!
ZIPPIES
SUGAR
KRUNCHIES
CEREAL
SYLVESTER, YOU SEE, COLLECTS BREAKFAST FOOD!
BUT, SYLVESTER, WE ALREADY HAVE FOUR BOXES OF SUGAR KRUNCHIES!
BUT, AUNT MALA! THEY HAVE SUCH WONDERFUL PRIZES INSIDE! LOOK! THIS ONE HAD A JET PLANE!
A WEALTHY ORPHAN, THE BOY IS BEING RAISED BY HIS "DEVOTED" AUNT AND UNCLE...
HERMAN, THAT CHILD WILL DRIVE ME MAD WITH THOSE BREAKFAST CEREAL PRIZES! I COULD WRING HIS NECK--!
RELAX, MALA! IN A FEW YEARS HE'LL COME INTO HIS INHERITANCE! THINK OF IT! A MILLION DOLLARS, ALL UNDER OUR CONTROL!
MEANWHILE WE'RE NOT DOING SO BADLY PADDING HIS FOOD BILLS AND HOUSEHOLD ACCOUNTS!
JUST HAND IT OVER, HERMAN! I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT!
SOMETIMES, THE DEVOTED PAIR COMPLAINED TO COUNSELOR FRUSH, LEGAL EXECUTOR OF THE RUNYON ESTATE...
I KNOW THE LAD IS ECCENTRIC, BUT ACCORDING TO HIS FATHER'S WILL, YOU MUST GIVE HIM EVERYTHING HIS HEART DESIRES!
BUT WHAT WILL WE DO WITH THIS FLOOD OF BREAKFAST CEREALS?
WHIZZIE
WHIZZIE

AH YES, THESE BREAKFAST FOODS! IT WOULD BE ***WASTEFUL*** TO THROW THEM AWAY! I SUGGEST YOU ***USE*** THEM AS OFTEN AS POSSIBLE! YOUR HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES ARE GETTING RATHER HIGH, YOU KNOW!

AS THE MONTHS PASS, THE STRAIN SOMETIMES GROWS TOO GREAT...

JUST ***LOOK*** AT HIS ROOM! IT'S A ***SHAMBLES!*** AIRPLANES, ROBOTS, CHEMISTRY SETS, KITS! THAT IMPOSSIBLE BOY SENDS FOR EVERY BOX-TOP OFFER HE SEES!

RELAX, MALA! JUST BE PATIENT AND---

I'M ***SICK*** OF THIS MESS! THIS JUNK IS ALL GOING INTO THE RUBBISH HEAP!

BUT PRECOCIOUS LITTLE SYLVESTER QUICKLY CALMS HIS AUNT...

REMEMBER WHAT MR. FRUSH SAID ABOUT MY FATHER'S WILL, AUNT MALA! I'M TO HAVE ***EVERYTHING*** MY HEART DESIRES!

ER...I FORGOT MYSELF, SYLVESTER! I'LL PUT IT ALL BACK ***OF COURSE!*** THIS IS ***UNBEARABLE!***

BUT SUCH INCIDENTS ARE SOON FORGOTTEN, FOR KINDLY SYLVESTER SHARES EVERYTHING WITH HIS FRIENDS.

NOT ***THAT*** STUFF AGAIN! WE ***CAN'T*** EAT ZIPPY-JETS THREE TIMES A DAY!

BUT MR. FRUSH SAYS WE MUSTN'T BE WASTEFUL! BESIDES LOOK AT THOSE GREAT ***ROCKET MODELS*** THEY HAVE IN EVERY BOX!

CAPTAIN NEMO! HE'S THE STAR OF THE SUGAR GLOB TV PROGRAM! WE'VE JUST GOT TO SEE HIM, AUNT MALA!

VERY WELL! I MAY AS WELL HUMOR HIM!

GRAND OPENING
ECONOMY SUPER MARKET!
TODAY ONLY! CAPTAIN NEMO OF THE SPACE PATROL
Bring the KIDDIES!

SALE
87¢

STAMPS

AS SYLVESTER WATCHES HIS HERO...

AND JUST TEN BOX TOPS PLUS $1.98, WILL GET YOU ONE OF THE NEW SPACE PRIZES LIKE THIS ENERGY GUN!

OH, BOY!

IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOW, SYLVESTER COLLECTS A DOZEN NEW SPACE TOYS, AND FOR EVERY ONE, TEN BOXES OF SUGAR GLOBS...

JUST LOOK AT THAT KITCHEN! IT'S LIKE A NIGHTMARE! I CAN'T STAND IT, I TELL YOU!

THEN ONE MORNING...

C.O.D. PACKAGE FOR SYLVESTER RUNYON! THAT'LL BE $1.98!

OH! THAT MUST BE MY NEW SPACE-WARP CONVERTER FROM THE SUGAR GLOBS COMPANY! MY AUNT WILL PAY YOU!

A SPACE-WARP CONVERTER? WHAT KIND OF A SILLY GADGET IS THAT?

IT'S NOT A GADGET! CAPTAIN NEMO SAYS IT'S A SCIENTIFIC DEVICE WHICH CAN SEND ANYTHING OUT THROUGH SPACE BY SIMPLY TURNING A SWITCH!

LATER, AS SYLVESTER CONNECTS THE STRANGE DEVICE..

THAT GADGET... IT'S GIVING OFF A WEIRD RAY!

OF COURSE! THE WARP PROJECTOR IS BEING ENERGIZED! WHEN I TOSS THIS TOY ROBOT INTO THE FORCE FIELD IT'LL BE PROJECTED INTO ANOTHER GALAXY!

IT DIDN'T WORK!

OF COURSE IT DIDN'T, YOU SILLY CHILD! IT'S ONLY A TOY! YOU WASTED $1.98 ON ANOTHER PIECE OF ***JUNK!***

BUT SYLVESTER DOES NOT GIVE UP EASILY....

CAPTAIN NEMO AND THE SUGAR GLOBS COMPANY WOULDN'T SELL ME A ***FAKE*** SPACE-WARP PROJECTOR! I PROBABLY DIDN'T PUT IT TOGETHER RIGHT!

AND AFTER HOURS OF TINKERING...

IT'S ***NO USE!*** I CAN'T PATCH IT UP! LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS IF I CONNECT THE PROJECTOR WITH THE DISINTEGRATOR RAY I GOT FROM THE FROSTY-CHIPS COMPANY!

IT WORKED! ***YIPPEE!*** IT WORKED!

SYLVESTER! HE MUST'VE GONE ***OUT OF HIS MIND!***

SYLVESTER, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

KEEP BACK! THIS SPACE-WARP PROJECTOR IS ***DANGEROUS!*** WATCH WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I TOSS THE LAMP INTO THE RAY!

THE STARTLED COUPLE STARES AGHAST, AS THE LAMP ***VANISHES*** BEFORE THEIR EYES.

THE LAMP! IT'S DISAPPEARING!

--INTO THIN AIR!

THIS IS SOME KIND OF ***TRICK!*** GET THAT LAMP BACK HERE AT ONCE, YOU BEASTLY CHILD!

QUITE ***IMPOSSIBLE,*** AUNT MALA! THE PROJECTOR WORKS ONLY ONE WAY! THAT LAMP IS ON SOME DISTANT GALAXY ***HUNDREDS*** OF LIGHT YEARS AWAY!

THEIR HEADS SPINNING, MALA AND HERMAN LEAVE....

MALA, I WONDER IF THERE COULD BE SOMETHING IN IT! AFTER ALL, WE ***SAW*** THE LAMP...

IT WAS AN ***ILLUSION!*** THAT CHILD IS GOING OUT OF HIS MIND! AND NOW ***WE'RE*** BEGINNING TO CRACK, TOO!

I'VE HAD IT! THIS IS THE LAST STRAW! WE'RE LEAVING THIS HOUSE! SOMEONE ***ELSE*** CAN RAISE THAT LITTLE MONSTER!

BUT WHAT ABOUT HIS INHERITANCE? IN A FEW MORE YEARS, WE COULD BE LIVING LIKE ***MILLIONAIRES!***

YOU CAN *KEEP* THE MONEY! ANOTHER FEW MONTHS IN THIS HOUSE AND I'LL BE THE STAR BOARDER IN SOME SANITARIUM! WE'RE *THROUGH*, I TELL YOU!

OKAY! OKAY! BUT IT'S A *SHAME* AFTER THE FIVE YEARS WE'VE WASTED HERE!

YOU'RE RIGHT! OUR FIVE YEARS OUGHT TO BE WORTH *SOMETHING!* HM! THIS PLACE IS JUST LOADED WITH PAINTINGS AND VALUABLE OBJECTS OF ART!

YOU'VE *GOT* SOMETHING THERE, MALA!

I'LL START PICKING OUT THE CHOICEST PIECES! HERMAN, YOU GET IN TOUCH WITH A MOVING COMPANY! I'LL WANT THEM HERE THE FIRST THING *TOMORROW* MORNING!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT AT ONCE, MALA, DEAR!

BUT ALERT EARS ARE LISTENING AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRWAY....

ACME MOVING COMPANY? I WANT TO ORDER A TRUCK FOR TOMORROW MORNING! WE HAVE SOME VALUABLE PROPERTY WE WANT TRANSPORTED!

HOURS LATER...

THERE'S A VALUABLE PAINTING UP IN SYLVESTER'S ROOM.... BUT... MAYBE WE'D BETTER *FORGET* IT!

DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE *AFRAID* OF THAT PIP-SQUEAK? COME ON, *LET'S GO!*

AH, SYLVESTER! STILL PLAYING WITH THAT GADGET OF YOURS, DEAR?

IT'S **NOT** A GADGET, AUNT MALA! **YOU** SAW IT WORK!

WELL, EXCUSE US! WE WANT TO TAKE DOWN THIS PAINTING! UNCLE HERMAN WANTS TO REPAIR THE FRAME!

THAT'S A **LIE!** DON'T **TOUCH** THAT PAINTING! MY FATHER GAVE IT TO ME BEFORE HE DIED!

I HEARD UNCLE HERMAN TALKING ON THE PHONE! YOU'RE PLANNING TO LEAVE! YOU'RE **STEALING** THINGS FROM THIS HOUSE!

EAVESDROPPING, EH? WHY YOU LITTLE SNEAK!

HERMAN, I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO SILENCE OUR DEAR LITTLE NEPHEW!

NO! GET BACK! ANOTHER STEP TOWARD ME AND---

THE RAY! OH NO! **NO!**

THEY'RE VANISHING! DISAPPEARING!

I TRIED TO **WARN** THEM BUT THEY WOULDN'T LISTEN!

THE NEXT DAY, WHEN THE MOVERS ARRIVE...

I DON'T GET IT, KID! WE GOT A CALL TO MAKE A PICK-UP THE FIRST THING THIS MORNING!

I'M SORRY, MY DEAR FELLOW, BUT THE PEOPLE WHO CALLED YOU HAVE ALREADY LEFT! I--- I'M AFRAID THEY **WON'T** BE BACK!

GILL'S MOVING & STORAGE

IMMEDIATELY, LAWYER FRUSH HIRES NEW GUARDIANS FOR SYLVESTER...

REMEMBER, LITTLE SYLVESTER IS AN ORPHAN! LET HIM HAVE **ANYTHING** HIS LITTLE HEART DESIRES!

THEY'D **BETTER!**

I TRUST YOU'LL PROVE MORE RELIABLE THAN SYLVESTER'S **LAST** GUARDIANS! THEY VANISHED WITHOUT A TRACE! I CAN'T IMAGINE **WHAT** HAPPENED TO THEM!

BUT **WE** KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, DON'T WE? RIGHT NOW, HERMAN AND MALA ARE VISITING A DISTANT GALAXY FAR ACROSS THE GULF OF SPACE, DEEP IN THE **TWILIGHT ZONE!**

The SHADOW OF FATE

NIGHT! A TRAIN SPEEDS THROUGH THE 19TH CENTURY ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE TOWARD LONDON...

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IN THE ENGINE CAB...

THANK HEAVENS THE RAIN IS EASING UP!

AYE! BUT THERE'S A THICK *FOG* AHEAD!

THIS BLASTED MIST IS GETTING THICKER BY THE MINUTE! I CAN'T SEE A *THING!*

CAREFUL, MATE! WE'RE CARRYING A *MIGHTY* IMPORTANT PASSENGER!

YES, INSIDE THE SPEEDING TRAIN SITS BRITAIN'S BELOVED *QUEEN VICTORIA*...

THE GOVERNMENT CRISIS REQUIRES THAT I BE IN LONDON *TONIGHT!*

WE ARE MAKING ALL POSSIBLE SPEED, YOUR MAJESTY!

SUDDENLY...

(*GASP!*) LOOK THERE! UP AHEAD!

THAT SHADOW! IT'S A *MAN* ON THE TRACKS!..

HE'S FLAPPING HIS CAPE! THERE MUST BE TROUBLE UP AHEAD! I'M STOPPING THE TRAIN!

THE TRAIN! IT'S STOPPING! THERE MUST BE SOME EMERGENCY!

SCREEECH!

IN AN INSTANT THE QUEEN'S GUARD POURS OUT OF THE COACHES...

SURROUND THE COACHES, MEN! IT COULD BE AN AMBUSH! HER MAJESTY *MUST* BE PROTECTED AT ALL COSTS!

ALL RIGHT, MY MAN! WHAT HAPPENED? WHY DID YOU STOP THE TRAIN?

THERE WAS A MAN ON THE TRACK, SIR! HE FLAGGED ME DOWN!

BUT I DON'T *SEE* ANYONE ON THE TRACK!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, SIR! I SAW HIM CLEARLY! HE WAS WEARING A CAPE!

THERE MAY BE SOME TROUBLE UP AHEAD! WE CAN'T TAKE CHANCES WITH THE QUEEN'S SAFETY! WE'D BETTER *CHECK!*

SOON...

HMM! THERE WAS NO REASON FOR STOPPING US! THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THE RAIL OR TRACKS!

I--I MUST HAVE MADE A MISTAKE, SIR!

BUT JUST THEN...

WELL, WE MAY AS WELL GO BACK AND GET THE TRAIN STARTED AGAIN!

NO! WAIT, SIR! *LOOK THERE!*

(*GASP!*) THE RAIN FLOODED THE STREAM AND WASHED OUT THE RAILROAD BRIDGE!

GREAT SCOTT! THE TRAIN WOULD HAVE BEEN WRECKED! AND THE QUEEN...

THANK HEAVEN FOR THAT MAN WHO SIGNALLED ME TO STOP!

AS THEY TRUDGE BACK TO THE TRAIN...

LOOK SHARP, MEN! THAT FELLOW WHO STOPPED US MUST BE SOMEWHERE CLOSE BY! I WANT TO SEE HIM! HIS HEROISM *MUST* BE REWARDED!

ODD! HOW HE VANISHED SO MYSTERIOUSLY IN THE NIGHT!

BUT AT THE ENGINE...

WAIT! I THINK I KNOW WHAT WARNED US... WHAT MADE US STOP THE TRAIN! THIS MOTH...

AYE! I SEE IT NOW! THE FLUTTERING WINGS OF THAT MOTH CAST A SHADOW UP AHEAD! A SHADOW THAT LOOKED LIKE A MAN WAVING HIS CAPE!

CALL IT COINCIDENCE, CALL IT CHANCE! BUT THE QUESTION REMAINS---DID THE HAND OF FATE REACH OUT TO SAVE ENGLAND'S GREAT QUEEN VICTORIA?

TWILIGHT ZONE

The FORTUNE HUNTERS

MEET RACE COREY, A MAN OF MANY TALENTS WHOSE COMPANY IS EAGERLY SOUGHT-- BY THE *POLICE* OF SEVERAL STATES!

WANTED

RACE COREY

WANTED FOR GRAND LARCENY, FRAUD, ARMED ROBBERY

RACE, THIS HILL COUNTRY GIVES ME THE CREEPS! YOU *SURE* YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING?

I'M IN MY HOME TERRITORY, ANSON! THE COPS WILL *NEVER* FIND US IN THESE HILLS!

AGGIE! SEE THE FELLER DRIVING THAT CAR! I'D *SWEAR* IT WAS RACE COREY!

RACE, EH? A THIEF AND SCOUNDREL LIKE ALL THE OTHER COREYS! AND *HE'LL* COME TO A BAD END, TOO!

SOON IN A REMOTE HOLLOW...

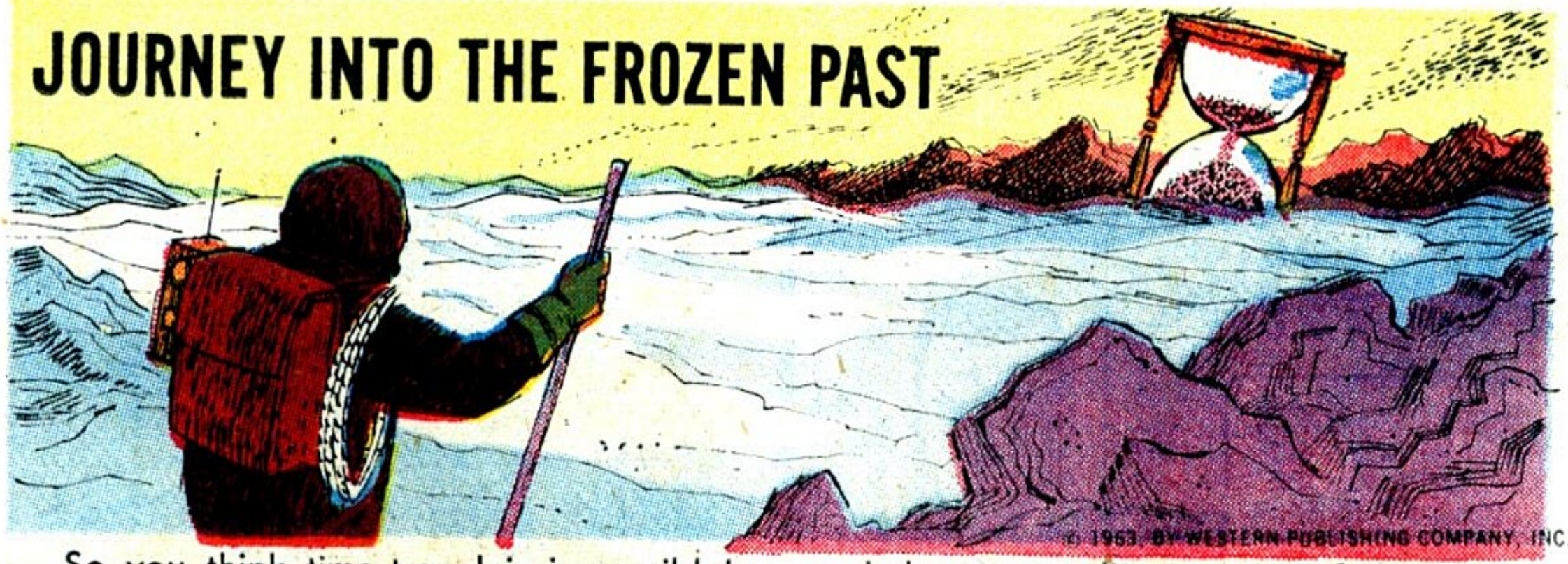
WELCOME TO THE COREY MANSION! WE'LL HOLE-UP HERE UNTIL THINGS COOL OFF!

WHAT A DUMP! JUST *LOOKING* AT IT GIVES ME THE WILLIES!

MEET THE FAMILY! UNCLE DIRK WAS HUNG FOR CATTLE STEALING! COUSIN MITCH WAS SHOT IN A BANK ROBBERY!

YOU SURE COME FROM A LONG LINE OF *ARISTOCRATS*, RACE!

JOURNEY INTO THE FROZEN PAST



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So you think time-travel is impossible! That may be, but at this moment, a group of scientists are making a weird journey back into the remote past.

This "time trip" is taking place in an ice tunnel on top of the Greenland Ice Pack. There scientists are drilling into the heart of the vast ice-sheet that blankets the rocky island of Greenland. This glacier is five thousand feet deep and some of it was laid down by snows that fell hundreds of thousands of years ago.

The drill being used by the researchers is an electrically-heated ring which melts its way downward, preserving a core of ice, like a long rod, as it descends. Thus, the scientists are able to obtain samples of ice that are hundreds of centuries old.

In a manner of speaking these ice cores carry the researchers back through geological history. By examining the cores man can trace the age of the ice. It is possible to count the record of the years' snowfall in the manner of tree rings.

Annual "layering" is visible for about three hundred years down. After that, pressure of the overlying snow has squashed the layers together, and scientists must use other ways of measuring the age of the ice at different levels.

One of these methods is to analyze the ice cores for two forms, or *isotopes*, of oxygen. The abundance of these isotopes in snow changes with the seasons, thus scientists will be able to trace the age of ice by chemical analysis. This is important because science is still uncertain when the ice age began. Guesses may be off as much as a half-million years.

Samples of entrapped oxygen may also help us to discover if prehistoric man breathed the same atmosphere as we do today.

As the drills probe deeper, it may uncover still other mysteries which nature has hidden from us—perhaps some life form whose remains have been sealed and preserved by ice—like the huge mastodons which are still being uncovered by retreating glaciers.

Another exciting problem is that researchers have found that as they probe deeper, the temperature of the ice cap grows steadily warmer! It is believed this temperature rise continues down to the bottom of the ice sheet. This is apparently caused by the heat of the earth beneath the miles of ice.

Some even believe that the ice cap rests on a great lake of icy water.

If such a lake does exist, isn't it possible that we may find strange life-forms there —trapped for millions of years? It's not impossible! Short years ago science believed that no living things could exist in the deepest depths of the sea because life was impossible under the enormous pressure of miles of water. Yet, within the past few years, bathyscaphes descending to record-breaking depths, have photographed many living things on the ocean floor, thus *proving* that life can exist under fantastically unfavorable conditions.

And so, as the drill probes deeper into the frozen recesses of the Greenland ice cap, it carries science on an incredible journey of exploration into the storage house of time. Who knows what hidden secrets this journey will yet reveal?

AND *THIS* IS MY NAMESAKE, GREAT-GRANDPA RACE COREY! HE DISAPPEARED AFTER MAKING A FORTUNE BY SMUGGLING DURING THE CIVIL WAR!

A FORTUNE, EH? WELL, WHAT *HAPPENED* TO IT?

THE MONEY VANISHED THE SAME TIME GRANDPA DID! THEY SAY IT'S HIDDEN SOMEWHERE IN THE HOUSE!

HEY! I WONDER IF WE COULD FIND IT! WE SURE COULD USE THAT *DOUGH*, PAL!

ANSON'S RIGHT, GRANDPA! THAT TREASURE OF YOURS WOULD *SURE* COME IN HANDY! HOW ABOUT TELLING US WHERE YOU HID IT?

RACE! FOR PETE'S SAKE, CUT IT OUT! TALKING TO A PICTURE AS IF IT WAS ALIVE... YOU'RE GIVING ME THE JITTERS!

THAT NIGHT RACE IS AWAKENED BY AN EERIE TOUCH...

(*GASP!*) A HAND! A GHOSTLY HAND BECKONING...

IT'S MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER! HE'S ASKING ME TO FOLLOW HIM INTO THAT ROOM!

THEN...

IN HERE, RACE! THE WEALTH YOU SEEK IS HIDDEN IN HERE...

(ULP!) HE'S VANISHING... BEFORE MY VERY EYES!

AN INSTANT LATER RACE FINDS HIMSELF BACK IN HIS ROOM...

THAT GHOST! IT WAS ALL A *DREAM!* A STUPID NIGHTMARE! I WAS IN BED ALL THE TIME!

THE NEXT MORNING AS RACE RECOUNTS HIS DREAM...

SO YOU DREAMED ABOUT YOUR GRANDPA'S TREASURE, EH? BETTER WATCH YOURSELF, PAL!

FUNNY THING! IT ALL SEEMED SO *REAL!* THAT GHOST LED ME RIGHT THROUGH THIS DOOR, AND...

RACE, *LOOK!* FOOTPRINTS IN THE DUST—LEADING TO THE *FIREPLACE!*

THEN—THEN MAYBE IT WAS *MORE* THAN JUST A DREAM! I—I'M GOING TO CHECK!

THAT STONE IN THE FIREPLACE! IT'S THE SAME ONE *HE* POINTED OUT!

LOOK! THERE'S SOMETHING HIDDEN BEHIND IT! *A CHEST!*

QUICKLY THEY OPEN THE CHEST...

BAH! A COUPLE OF CONFEDERATE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS... AND THE PLATES THAT PRINTED THEM! OF ALL THE *CRUMMY BREAKS!*

SO *THAT* WAS YOUR GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S LOST TREASURE!

NOW IF ONLY THOSE PLATES COULD PRINT MODERN CURRENCY INSTEAD OF *THIS* JUNK!

HOLD EVERYTHING, RACE! EVERYONE *THINKS* CONFEDERATE MONEY IS WORTHLESS! BUT THEY'RE WRONG! *DEAD WRONG!*

THESE PLATES WERE USED TO PRINT $100 NOTES OF THE 1861 SERIES! I'VE HEARD THAT COLLECTORS WILL PAY $200 FOR BILLS LIKE THESE!

WE COULD PRINT OURSELVES A *FORTUNE,* ANSON! BUT WHAT ABOUT THE COUNTERFEIT LAWS? --- WE'RE IN *ENOUGH* TROUBLE WITHOUT GETTING THE FEDS ON OUR NECKS!

WE WON'T BE COUNTERFEITING LEGAL TENDER! THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT CAN'T TOUCH US!

ANSON, THIS IS *BIG!* WE'LL CLEAN UP A *FORTUNE!*

THANKS, PAL! MAYBE *YOU* NEVER GOT TO ENJOY YOUR LOOT, BUT YOUR GREAT-GRANDSON IS GOING TO RIDE THE GRAVY TRAIN! HA! HA!

PLANNING THEIR SCHEME CAREFULLY, RACE AND ANSON RETURN TO THE BIG TOWN WHERE...

PAPER, INKS...WE'VE MATCHED THEM *PERFECTLY*, ANSON!

THESE NOTES ARE *EXACT* COPIES OF THE CONFEDERATE BILLS! ..*NOW* ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS FIND THE SUCKERS TO BUY THEM!

I'M WAY *AHEAD* OF YOU, ANSON! I'VE PLACED THIS AD IN EVERY COLLECTOR'S MAGAZINE IN THE COUNTRY!

COLLECTORS*
CONFEDERATE CURRENCY FOR SALE
$100 NOTES
1861 SERIES
MINT CONDITION
DIXIE STAMP COMP
BOX X231

AND THE SUCKERS ANSWER THE AD IN DROVES...

THERE YOU ARE, SIR! FIVE BILLS PRINTED IN MONTGOMERY IN 1861! THAT WILL BE $1000!

AND A *BARGAIN* AT THE PRICE! THEY'RE IN *BEAUTIFUL* CONDITION!

DIXIE
STAMP
COMPANY

BUT GREED MAKES THE SCHEMERS CARELESS, AND ONE DAY...

YOU'RE A *SWINDLER*, SIR! TWO OF THESE BILLS HAVE IDENTICAL SERIAL NUMBERS! I'LL HAVE YOU ARRESTED!

COME, COME, MY GOOD MAN! WE DIDN'T BREAK ANY LAWS! AFTER ALL, THIS ISN'T LEGAL CURRENCY!

YOU OUTSMARTED YOURSELF, YOU CROOK! THE ANSWERS TO YOUR ADS WENT THROUGH THE MAIL! THAT'S USING THE MAILS TO DEFRAUD! I'VE *ALREADY* NOTIFIED THE F.B.I.!

WHY YOU *LITTLE RUNT!* I OUGHT TO...

RACE, NO! HE'S AN OLD MAN! YOU'LL HURT HIM!

THUD

HE'S DEAD! LET'S BEAT IT, RACE! THE F.B.I. WILL BE ON OUR TAILS ANY MINUTE!

OKAY! BUT WE'D BETTER TAKE THE PLATES AND THE REST OF THOSE BILLS WITH US! THEY'RE VITAL EVIDENCE!

DAYS LATER, DEEP IN THE SOUTHERN HILLS...

RACE, I'M WORRIED! WE'RE FACING A MURDER RAP IF THE COPS EVER FIND US!

RELAX, ANSON! WHO'D SUSPECT A COUPLE OF CORN-BALLS LIKE US?

BUT THAT AFTERNOON, IN A REMOTE VALLEY...

THAT FOG! STRANGE, IT SEEMED TO COME OUT OF *NOWHERE!*

NOTHING STRANGE ABOUT IT! THERE'S ALWAYS A MIST IN THESE YALLEYS TOWARD NIGHT!

AS THE FOG THICKENS...

THAT NOISE! IT--IT SOUNDS LIKE *CANNON FIRE!*

WHO'D BE FIRING A CANNON OUT HERE IN THESE HILLS?

BARROOM

BOOMM

B

SUDDENLY...

HALT! STAND AND GIVE THE PASSWORD!

P--PASSWORD?

LOOK! TWO MEN IN CONFEDERATE UNIFORMS! WH-- WHAT GOES ON HERE?

HEY! I GET IT! THEY MUST BE MAKING A MOVIE ABOUT THE CIVIL WAR! HAW! THEY SURE SCARED YOU, ANSON!

WE CALL IT THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES, FRIEND! OUT OF THAT WAGON! WE WANT TO SEARCH YOU!

OKAY, FELLERS! IF YOU WANT TO PLAY GAMES WE'LL GO ALONG WITH THE GAG!

MOMENTS LATER...

SERGEANT! LOOK HERE! A FORTUNE IN BANK NOTES! AND THE PLATES THEY WERE PRINTED FROM!

BETTER GET THESE MEN TO HEAD-QUARTERS AT ONCE! THE GENERAL WILL WANT TO SEE THEM!

AND NOW THE CAPTIVES FEEL THE FIRST TWINGE OF DOUBT...

RACE, I DON'T LIKE THIS! IF THEY'RE MAKING A MOVIE WHERE ARE THE CAMERAS? THE LIGHTS? THE CREW?

(GULP!) EASY, ANSON! DON'T PANIC! WE'LL FIND OUT IN A MINUTE!

THEY ARE LED TO A NEARBY FARMHOUSE...

THESE PLATES! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR THEM! THEY WERE STOLEN WHEN THE GOVERNMENT MOVED FROM MONTGOMERY TO RICHMOND!

THESE SCOUNDRELS HAVE BEEN USING THEM TO COUNTERFEIT CONFEDERATE CURRENCY! THAT MEANS THE *DEATH* PENALTY IN TIME OF WAR!

ALL RIGHT, CUT THE COMEDY! I'M *RACE COREY!* EVERYONE IN THESE HILLS KNOWS ME, AND...

RACE COREY, EH? I'VE *HEARD* OF YOU! A THIEVING BLACKGUARD, WHO'S BEEN SMUGGLING CONTRABAND ALL THROUGH THE WAR!

SUDDENLY RACE IS SEIZED BY A WEIRD PREMONITION...

SMUGGLING CONTRABAND? YOU'VE GOT IT ALL MIXED UP! THAT WAS MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER, AND...

ENOUGH OF THIS NONSENSE! TAKE THESE *TRAITORS* OUT OF HERE!

ASSEMBLE A FIRING SQUAD AT ONCE!

A *FIRING SQUAD?* WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT, RACE? HAS THE WHOLE WORLD GONE CRAZY?

EVEN IN THEIR LAST MOMENTS, RACE AND ANSON REFUSE TO BELIEVE THE TRUTH...

RACE, WHAT ARE THEY DOING? WHAT'S GOING ON?

IT'S A GAG! IT'S *GOT* TO BE A *GAG!*

BUT AN INSTANT LATER...

READY! AIM! FIRE!

BLAMMM

AND, IN ANOTHER CORNER OF TIME...

YEAH! THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! IT'S RACE COREY AND ANSON! BUT WHO TIED THEIR HANDS?

ALL THOSE BULLETS! IT'S ALMOST AS THOUGH THEY WERE SHOT BY A FIRING SQUAD!

IT DOESN'T MAKE *SENSE!* THERE AREN'T ANY FOOTPRINTS! --AND WHERE DID THESE OLD RUSTY MUSKETS COME FROM?

THAT'S EASILY EXPLAINED! THIS FARM WAS A CONFEDERATE HEADQUARTERS DURING THE CIVIL WAR!

BUT OTHER THINGS ARE *NOT* SO EASILY EXPLAINED...

I TELL YOU THE AUTOPSY SHOWS THOSE TWO HOODS WERE KILLED BY MINIE BALLS...

BUT THAT'S *RIDICULOUS!* THAT KIND OF AMMUNITION HASN'T BEEN USED IN A HUNDRED YEARS! IS THIS SOME KIND OF *JOKE?*

YES, GENTLEMEN! IT WAS A *JOKE!* A MACABRE JEST OF FATE! BUT *NO ONE* IS LAUGHING! NOT EVEN IN THE *TWILIGHT ZONE!*

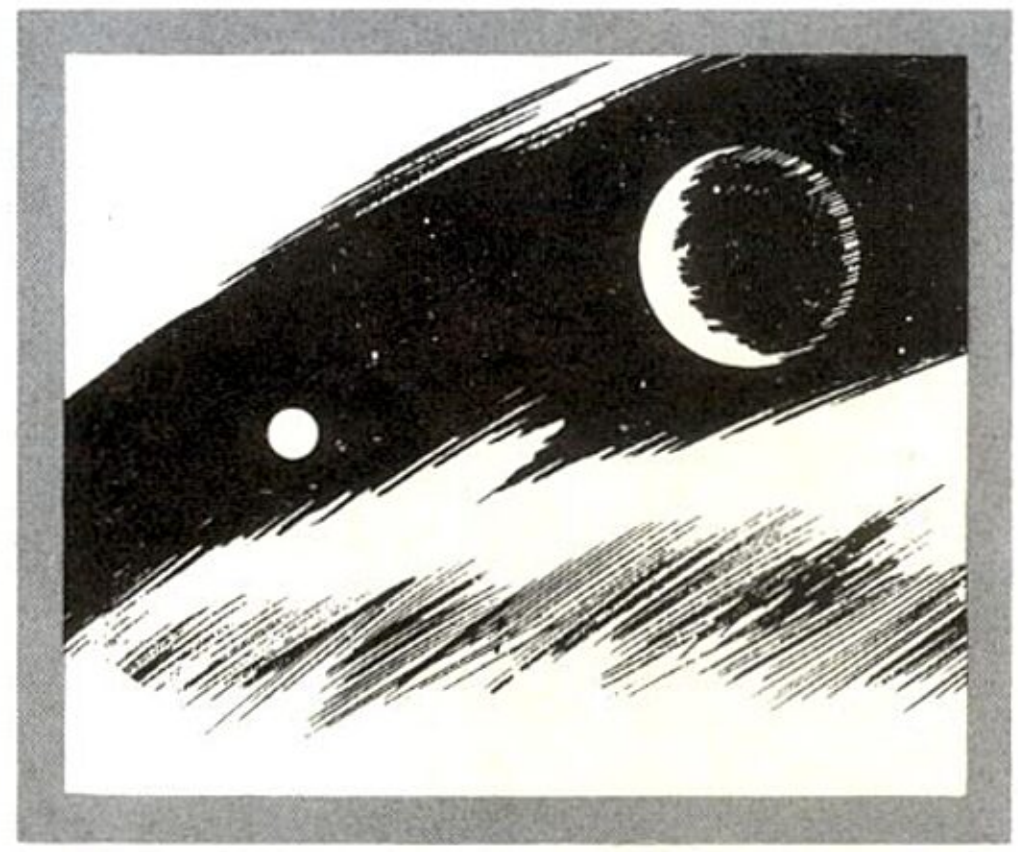
KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

ASTRONOMY

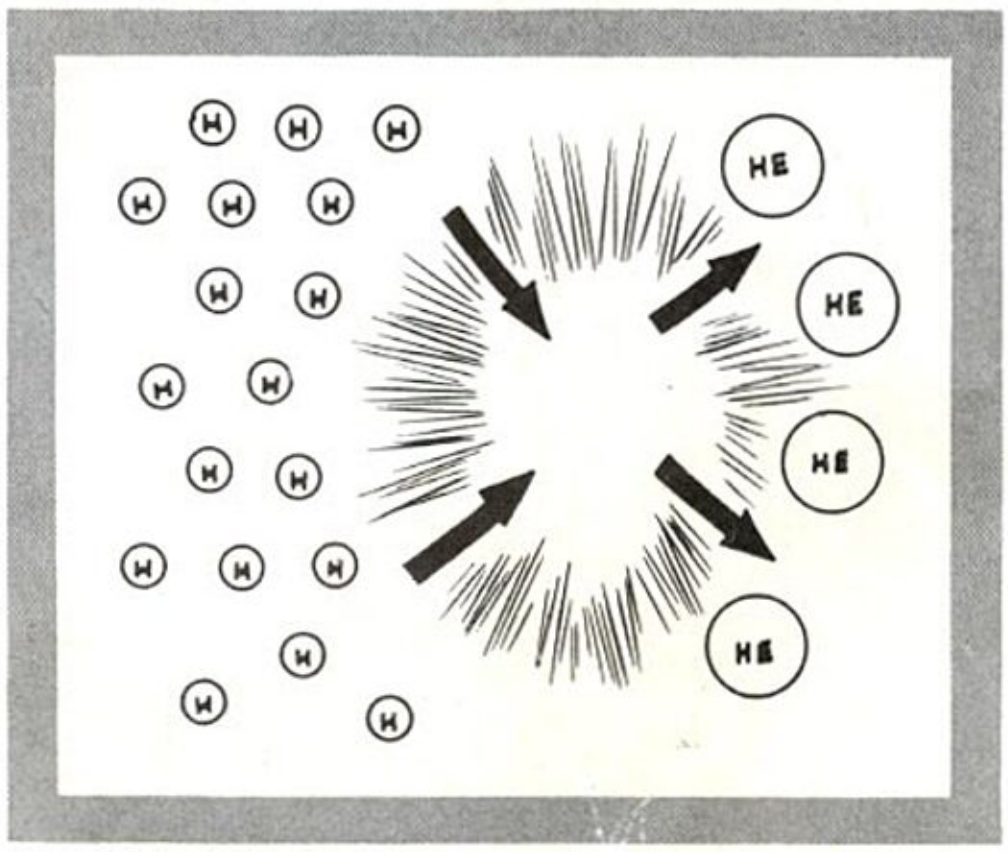
NUMBER 6

The SUN and SUNSPOTS

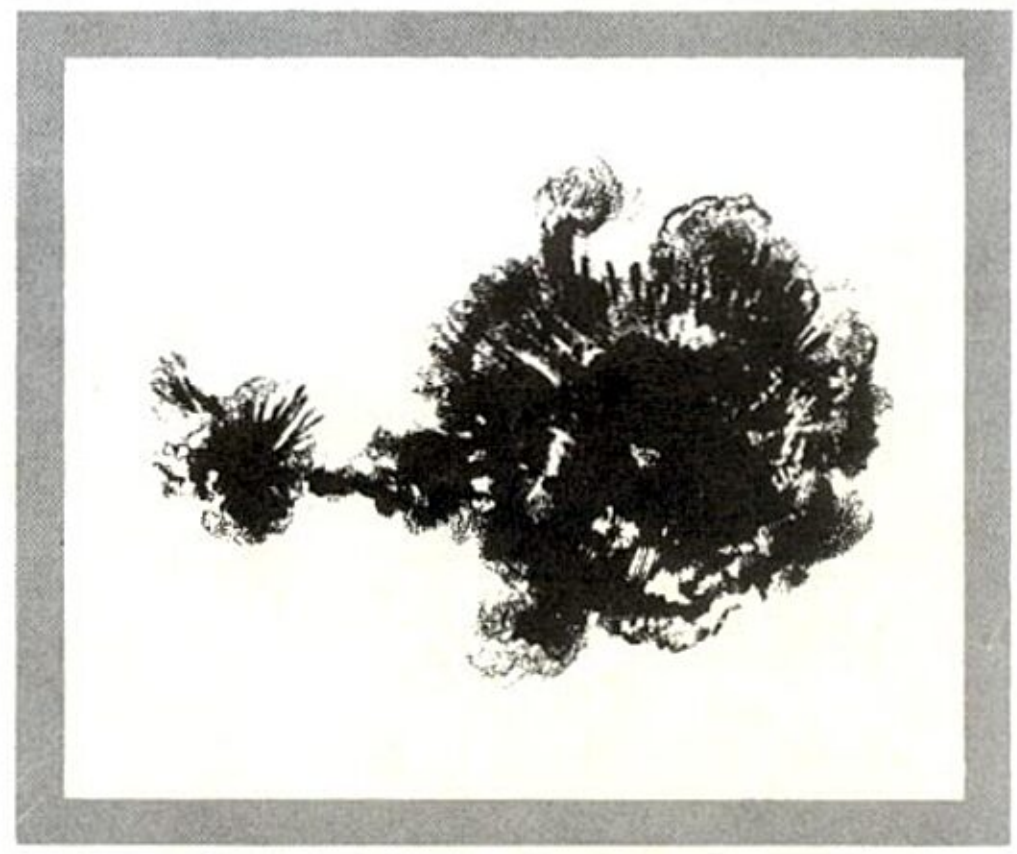
This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.



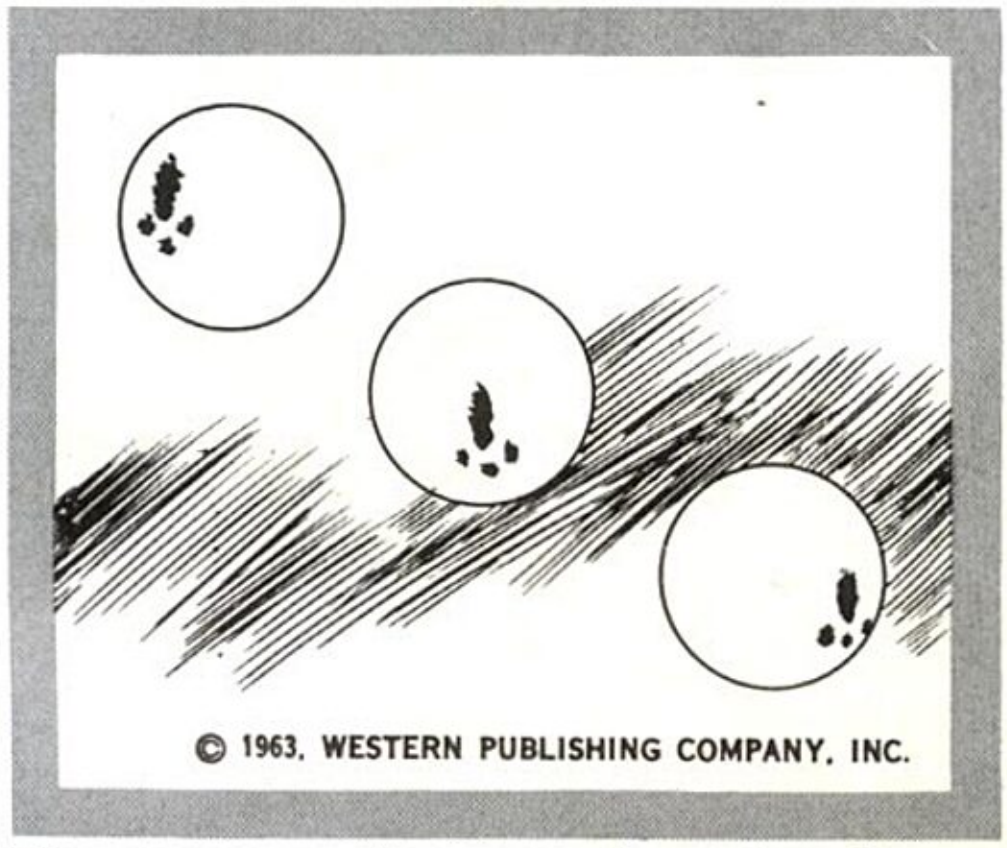
The sun is really a lesser star in our galaxy, but it seems to be the brightest to us because it is the star nearest the earth.



864,000 miles in diameter, it has a temperature of 13,000,000° centigrade at the core. Its light and heat come from atomic energy.



Storms of extra-hot gases boiling up cause dark areas on the sun, called *sunspots*. Their electric currents cause radio static.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The movement of sunspots shows that the sun rotates, and the differing speeds at poles and equator proves that it is not solid.

Electric particles thrown out by sunspots toward Earth create the magnificent night-time light displays which we call *auroras*.

TWILIGHT ZONE PIN-UP NO. 5